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The FAMOUS
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE
OF

King *HENRY* VIII.

With the Fall of
Cardinal WOLSEY.

By *SHAKESPEAR*.



L O N D O N:

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PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; Things now,
That bear a weighty, and a serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe;
Such noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can Pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The Play may pass: If they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their Shilling
Richly in two short Hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy Play,
A noise of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motly Coat, guarded with Yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: For, gentle Hearers, know
To rank our chosen Truth with such a show
As Fool, and Fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodness sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest Hearers of the Town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very Persons of our noble Story,
As they were living: Think you see them Great,
And follow'd with the general Throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends; then, in a Moment, see
How soon this Mightiness meets Misery.
And if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A Man may weep upon his Wedding Day.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Surrey,

Lord Chamberlain.

Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legate.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Gardiner Bishop of Winchester.

Lord Abergavenny.

Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford.

Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny.

Sir Nicolas Vaux.

Cromwell, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.

Griffith, Gentleman Usher to Queen Katherine.

Three Gentlemen.

Dr. Butts, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Porter and his Man.

Queen Katherine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorc'd.

Anne Bullen, below'd by the King, and afterwards married to him.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman of the Bed-Chamber to Queen Katherine.

Several Lords and Ladies who appear in the dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in LONDON.

T H E



THE
L I F E
O F
King *H E N R Y* VIII.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one Door : At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.*

B U C K I N G H A M.



GOOD-morrow, and well met. How have
Since last we saw y'in *France*? [ye done

Nor. I thank your Grace :
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber.
Those Sons of Glory, those two Lights of Men [when
Met in the vale of *Ardres*,

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Ardres*,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horse-back,

Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four Thron'd ones could have
Such a compounded one? (weigh'd

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chamber's Prisoner,

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly Glory: Men might say
'Till this time Pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following Day
Became the next Day's Master, till the last
Made former Wonders, its. To day the *French*,
All Clinquant, all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone down the *English*; and to-morrow, they
Made *Britain*, *India*: Every Man that stood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The Pride upon them, that their very Labour
Was to them as a Painting. Now this Mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and th'ensuing Night
Made it a Fool, and Beggar. The two Kings
Equal in Lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in Eye,
Still him in praise; and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wag his Tongue in Censure. When these Suns,
For so they phrase 'em, by their Heralds, challeng'd
The noble Spirits to Arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass, that former fabulous Story
Being now seen possible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect,
In Honour, Honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good Discourser lose some Life,
Which Actions self was Tongue to.

Buck. All was Royal,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function; who did guide,
I mean who set the Body and the Limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor.

King HENRY VIII.

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Nor. One certes, that promises no Flement
In such a Busines.

Buck. I pray you, who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good Discretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The Devil speed him: No Man's Pye is
freed

From his ambitious Finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder
That such a Ketch can with his very Bulk
Take up the Rays o' th' beneficial Sun,
And keep it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely, Sir,
'There's in him stuff that puts him to these Ends:
For being not propt by Ancestry, whose Grace
Chalks Successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high Feats done to th' Crown; neither allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider like
Out of his self-drawn Web; O! give us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A Gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell

What Heav'n hath given him; let some graver Eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his Pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that
If not from Hell; the Devil is a Niggard,
Or has given him all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himself.

Buck. Why the Devil,

Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' th' King, t'appoint
Who should attend on him? he makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge as little Honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own Letter
The honourable Board of Council out
Must fetch him in, he Papers,

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their Estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many

Have broke their Backs with laying Manors on 'em

For this great Journey. What did this great Vanity
But minister Communication of
A most poor Issue.

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The Peace between the *French* and us not values
The Cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every Man,
After the hideous Storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a general Prophecie; that this Tempest,
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out :
For *France* hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants Goods at *Bordeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper Title of Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why all this Business
Our Reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private Difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a Heart that wishes towards you
Honour, and plenteous Safety) that you read
The Cardinal's Malice, and his Potency
Together : To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would affect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengeful ; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharp edge : It's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my Counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
Rock

That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the Purse born before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers; the Cardinal in his Passage fixeth his Eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of Disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr.

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in Person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please
Your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more,
And *Buckingham* shall lessen his big Look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal with his Train.*]

Buck. This Butcher's Cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his Slumber. A Beggar's Book
Out-worths a Noble's Blood.

Nor. What are you chat'd?
Ask God for Temp'rance that's th' appliance only
Which your Disease requires.

Buck. I read in's Looks
Matter against me, and his Eye revil'd
Me as his abject Object, at this instant
He bores me with some Tricks, he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choler question
What 'tis you go about; to climb steep Hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him: Not a Man in *England*
Can advise me, like you: Be to yourself,
As you would to your Friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And, from a Mouth of Honour, quite cry down
This *Ipswich* Fellow's Insolence, or proclaim,
There's difference in no Persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your Foe so hot
That it may singe yourself. We may out-run
By violent swiftness, that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: Know you not,
The Fire that mounts the Liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, waxes it: Be advis'd;
I say again, there is no *English* Soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of Reason you would quench
Or but allay the fire of Passion.

Buck. Sir.
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along.

By your Prescription ; but this top-proud Fellow,
Whom from the flow of Gall I name not, but
From sincere Motion, by Intelligence,
And Proofs as clear as Founts in *July*, when
We see each grain of Gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the King I'll say't, and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of Rock——attend. This holy Fox,
Or Wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to Mischief,
As able to perform't) his Mind and Place
Infecting one another ; yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his Pomp, as well in *France*,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this last costly Treaty, th' enterview,
That swallow'd so much Treasure, and like a Glass
Did break i' th' wrenching.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir,—this cunning Car
dinal

The Articles o' th' Combination drew
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd
As he cry'd, Thus let it be---to as much end,
As give a Crutch to the Dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well---for worthy *Wolfey*,
Who cannot err. he did it Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
'To th' old Dam, Treason) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his Aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his Colour, but he came
'To whisper *Wolfey*) here makes Visitation :
His Fears were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their Amity
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this League
Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well---for I am sure the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pay'd with Gold ; the Emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the King's course,
And break the foresaid Peace. Let the King know,

King HENRY VIII.

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As soon he shall by me, that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his Honour, as he pleases,
And for his own Advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish you were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a Syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very Shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Arms before him, and
two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your Office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of High-Treason, in the Name
Of our most Sovereign King.

Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The Net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you ta'en from Liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his Highness Pleasure
You shall to the *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit't Part black. The Will of
Be done in this and all Things: I obey. [Heav'n
O my Lord *Abergenny*, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you Company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The Will of Heav'n be done, and the King's Pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a Warrant from
The King t'attach Lord *Montague*, and the Bodies
Of the Duke's Confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counsellor.

Buck. So, so;
These are the Limbs o'th'Plot, no more, I hope.

Bran. A Monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. Oh, *Michael Hopkins*.

Bran. He.

Buck.

Buck. My Surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him Gold; my Life is spann'd already;
I am the Shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose Figure even this instant Cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear Sun. My Lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
Shoulder; the Nobles and Sir Thomas Lovel; the
Cardinal places himself under the King's Feet, on his
right side.

King. My Life itself, and the best Heart of it,
Thanks you for this great Care: I stood i'th' Level
Of a full-charg'd Confederacy, and give Thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That Gentleman of *Buckingham's* in Person,
I'll hear him his Confessions justify,
And Point by Point the Treasons of his Master
He shall again relate.

*A noise, with crying, Room for the Queen; Usber'd by
the Duke of Norfolk. Enter the Queen, Norfolk, and
Suffolk, she kneels. The King riseth from his State,
takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a Suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; half your Suit
Never name to us; you have half our Power;
The other Moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your Will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.

That you would love yourself, and in that Love
Not unconsidered leave your Honour, nor
The Dignity of your Office, is the Point
Of my Petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicit, not by a few,
And those of true Condition, that your Subjects
Are in great Grievance; there have been Commissions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the Heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although, [*To Wolsey,*
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent Reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these Exactions, yet the King, our Master,

Whose

Whose Honour Heav'n shield from Soil, even he escapes
Language unmannerly ; yea, such which breaks [not
The Sides of Loyalty, and almost appears
In loud Rebellion,

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The Spinners, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who,
Unfit for other Life, compell'd by Hunger,
And lack of other Means, in desperate manner,
During th' Event to th' Teeth, are all in Uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation ?
Wherein ? and what Taxation ? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation ?

Wol. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single Part in ought
Pertains to th' State and front but in that File
Where others tell Steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others : But you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their Acquaintance. These Exactions
(Whereof my Sovereign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' Hearing, and to bear 'em,
The Back is Sacrifice to th' Load ; they say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an Exclamation.

King. Still Exaction !
The nature of it, in what kind, let's know,
Is this Exaction ?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your Patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd Pardon. The Subjects Grief
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixth Part of his Substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the Pretence for this
Is nam'd, your Wars in France ; this makes bold Mouths ;
Tongues spit their Duties out, and cold Hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their Curses now
Live where their Prayers did ; and it's come to pass,

That

That tractable Obedience is a Slave
To each incens'd Will : I would your Highness
Would give it quick Consideration, for
Thare is no primer baseness.

King. By my Life,
This is against our Pleasure:

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single Voice, and that not past me, but
By learned Approbation of the Judges : If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My Faculties nor Person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing ; let me say,
'Tis but the Bate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Virtue must go through : We must not stint
Our necessary Actions, in the Fear
To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
As rav'nous Fishes do a Vessel follow
That is new trimm'd ; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick Interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser Quality, is cry'd up
For our best Act ; if we stand still,
In Fear our Motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit :
Or sit State-Statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a Care, exempt themselves from Fear.
Things done without Example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
Of this Commission ? I believe not any.
We must not rend our Subjects from our Laws,
And stick them in our Will. Sixth Part of each !
A trembling Contribution — why we take
From every Tree, Lop, Bark, and part o'th' Timber :
And though we leave it with a Root thus back'd,
The Air will drink the Sap. To every Country
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free Pardon to each Man that has deny'd
The Force of this Commission ; pray look to't,
I put it to your Care.

Wol. A Word with you, *[To the Secretary.]*
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire.

Of the King's Grace and Pardon; the griev'd Com-
 Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd (mons
 That through our Intercession, this Revokement
 And Pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the Proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry that the Duke of *Buckingham*
 Is run in your Displeasure.

King. It grieves many;
 The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
 To Nature none more bound, is training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
 And never seek for Aid out of himself; yet see,
 When these so noble Benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd, the Mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious Forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This Man so compleat,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst Wonders; and when we
 Almost with ravisht listning, could not find
 His hour of Speech, a minute; He, my Lady,
 Hath into monstrous Habits put the Graces
 That once were his, and is become as black,
 As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit by us, you shall hear
 (This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
 To force-recited Practices, whereof
 We cannot feel too little. hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold Spirit relate, what
 Most like a careful Subject, have collected (you,
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him every day,
 It would infect his Speech, that if the King
 Should without Issue die, he'll carry it so
 To make the Scepter his. These very Worde
 I've heard him utter to his Son-in-law
 Lord *Aberganny*, to whom by Oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
 This dangerous Conception in this Point,
 Not friended by his wish to your high Person;
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your Friends.

Queen:

Queen. My learned Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with Charity.

King. Speak on,
How grounded he his Title to the Crown
Upon our fail? to this Point hast thou heard him;
At any time speak ought?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain Prophecie of *Nicholas Henton*.

King. What was that *Henton*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His Confessor, who fed him every Minute
With Words of Sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou that?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the Parish
St. Laurence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the Speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* Journey. I reply'd,
Men fear the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger; presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted.
'Twould prove the verity of certain Words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choice Hour
To hear from him a Matter of some Moment:
Whom after, under the Commissions Seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My Chaplain to no Creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
Thus pausingly ensu'd; neither the King, nor's Heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
To gain the love o' th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall govern *England*—

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's Surveyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o' th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your Spleen a noble Person,
And spoil your noble Soul; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on. Go forward.

Surv. On my Soul, I'll speak but Truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Devil's Illusions,
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
For

For him to ruminatè on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, Tush,
It can do me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* Heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! What, so rank? Ah, ha——
There's Mischief in this Man; canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*——

King. I remember of such a time, being my sworn
Servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on, what hence?

Surv. If quoth he, I for this Deed had been com-
mitted,

As to the *Tower*, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th' Usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his Duty) would
Have put his Knife into him.

King. A giant Traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,
And this Man out of Prison?

Queen. God mend all. (say'st?

King. There's something more would out of thee; what

Surv. After the Duke his Father with the Knife,
He stretch'd him, and with one Hand upon his Dagger,
Another spread on's Breast, mounting his Eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose Tenor
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His Father, by as much as a Performance
Does an irresolute Purpose.

King. There's his Period,
To sheath his Knife in us; he is attach'd,
Call him to present Trial; if he may
Find Mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By Day and Night
He's Traitor to th' height. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the Spells of *France* should juggle Men into such strange Mysteries?

Sands. New Customs,
Tho' they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the last Voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o' th' Face, but they are shrew'd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very Noses had been Counsellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep State so.

Sands. They have all new Legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the Spavin,
A Spring-halt, reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their Cloaths are after such a Pagan Cut too,
That sure th'have worn out Christendom: How now?
What News, Sir *Thomas Lovell*.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Low. 'Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new Proclamation
That's clap'd upon the Court Gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Low. The Reformation of our travell'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with Quarrels, Talk and Tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monfieurs
To think an *English* Courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Low. They must either
(For so runs the Conditions) leave those Remnants
Of Fool and Feather, that they got in *France*
With all their honourable Points of Ignorance
Pertaining thereupon, as Fights and Fireworks,
Abusing better Men than they can be
Out of a foreign Wisdom, renouncing clean
The Faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bolstred Breeches, and those types of Travel,
And understand again like honest Men;

Or

Or pack to their old Play-fellows, there I take it,
They may, *Cum Privilegio*, wear away
The Lag-end of their Lewdness, and be laugh'd at:

Sands. 'Tis time to give them Physick, their Diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our Ladies
Will have of these trim Vanities?

Lov. Ay marry,
There will be Woe indeed, Lords, the fly Whoresons
Have got a speeding Trick to lay down Ladies :
A French Song and a Fiddle, has no Fellow.

Sands. The Devil fiddle 'em ;
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no converting 'em : Now
An honest Country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain Song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musick too.

Cham. Well said, Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts Tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a Stump.

Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you a-going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's ;
Your Lordship is a Guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true ;
This Night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies ; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That Churchman
Bears a bounteous Mind indeed ;
A hand as fruitful as the Land that feeds us,
His Dew falls every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a Black Mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal in him ;
Sparing would shew a worse Sin, than ill Doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for Examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones : My Barges stays ;
Your Lordship shall along : Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This Night to be Comptrollers.

Sands. I am your Lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Hautboys. *A small Table under a State for the Cardinal,
a longer Table for the Guests. Then enter Anne Bullen,
and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as Guests at
one Door; at another Door enter Sir Henry Guildford.*

Guil. Ladies,

A general Welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: This Night he dedicates
To fair Content, and you: None here he hopes,
In all this noble Bevy, has brought with her
One Care abroad: He would have all as merry,
As first, good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good People.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very Thought of this fair Company
Clap'd Wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running Banquet, ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: By my Life,
They are a sweet Society of fair ones.

Lov. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easy Penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a Down Bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it please you sit: Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the Charge of this.
His Grace is entring, nay you must not freeze,
Two Women plac'd together makes cold Weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray sit between these Ladies.

Sands. By my Faith,
And thank your Lordship. By your Leave, sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.

Anne.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a Breath.

Cham. Well said, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly seated: Gentlemen,
The Penance lies on you, if these fair Ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little Cue,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his State.

Wol. Y'are welcome my fair Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my Welcome,
And to you all good Health.

Sands. Your Grace is noble,
Let me have such a Bowl may hold my Thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you; cheer your Neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose Fault is this?

Sands. The red Wine must first rise
in their fair Cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to Silence.

Anne. You are a merry Gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my Play:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to such a Thing——

Anne. You cannot shew me.

[Drum and Trumpets, Chambers discharged.]

Sands. I told your Grace that they would talk anon.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike Voice,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the Laws of War y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Ser. A noble Troop of Strangers,
For so they seem, they have left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Ambassadors
From Foreign Princes.

Wol.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain, [Tongue,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our Presence, where this Heav'n of Beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and Tables removed.

You have now a broken Banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good Digestion to you all; and once more
I showre a Welcome on ye: Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited
like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gratefully salute
him.*

A noble Company: What are their Pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by Fame
Of this so noble and so fair Assembly,
This Night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great Respect they bear to Beauty,
But leave their Flocks, and under your fair Conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An Hour of Revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor House grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand Thanks,
And pray 'em take their Pleasures.

[Chuse Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest Hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [Musick. Dance.

Wol. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his Person
More worthy this Place than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my Love and Duty
I would surrender it.

[Whisper.

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then,

By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My Royal Choice.

King. You have found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair Assembly, you do well, Lord.
You are a Churchman, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee come hither, what fair Lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullen's* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highness' Women.

King. By Heav'n she's a dainty one: Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To Anne Bullen.*
And not to kiss you. A Health, Gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banquet ready
I'th' Privy Chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with Dancing is a little heated.

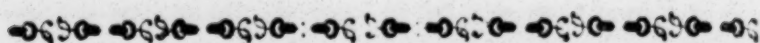
King. I fear too much.

Wol. There's fresher Air, my Lord,
In the next Chamber.

King. Lead in your Ladies every one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have a dozen Healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in Favour. Let the Musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

¹ Gen. **W**Hither away so fast ?
² Gen. O, God save ye :
 Even to the Hall, to hear what shall
 Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*. [become

¹ Gen. I'll save you
 That Labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
 Of bringing back the Prisoner.

² Gen. Were you there ?

¹ Gen. Yes indeed was I.

² Gen. Pray speak what has happened.

¹ Gen. You may guess quickly what.

² Gen. Is he found Guilty ?

¹ Gen. Yes truly is he,
 And condemn'd upon't.

² Gen. I am sorry for't.

¹ Gen. So are a Number more.

² Gen. But pray how past it ?

¹ Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
 Came to the Bar ; where, to his Accusations
 He pleaded still Not guilty, and alledged
 Many sharp Reasons to defeat the Law.
 The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
 Urg'd on the Examinations, Proofs, Confessions
 Of divers Witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
 To have brought *viva voce* to his Face ;
 At which appear'd against him, his Surveyor,
 Sir *Gilbert Pecke*, his Chancellor, and *John Car*
 Confessor to him, with that Devil Monk,
Hopkins, that made this Mischiefe.

² Gen. That was he,
 That fed him with his Prophecies.

¹ Gen. The same.
 All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
 Would have flung from him ; but indeed he could not :
 And so his Peers upon this Evidence,
 Have found him guilty of High Treason. Much

He

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 bim,
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 1 Gen
 And see
 2 Gen
 Buck,
 He

He spoke, and learnedly for Life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his Judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly,
In all the rest, shew'd a most noble Patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears Death.

1 Gen. Sure he do's not.

He never was so Womanish, the Cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,

The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely.

By all conjectures: First Kildare's Attainder,
Then Deputy of Ireland who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his Father.

2 Gen. That trick of State

Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,

No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
And generally, who ever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,
And far enough from Court too.

2 Gen. All the Commons

Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience,
Wish him ten Fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all Courtesie.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tiptaves before
him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on
each side, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovel, Sir Ni-
cholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and common People, &c.*

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir.

And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,

B

You

He

You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a Traitor's Judgment,
 And by that Name must die; yet Heav'n bear witness,
 And if I have a Conscience. let it sink me,
 Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 To th' Law I bear no malice for my death,
 'T has done upon the Premises, but Justice:
 But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians;
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the Graves of great Men;
 For then, my guiltless Blood must cry against 'em.
 For further Life in this World I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the King have Mercies
 More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
 His noble Friends and Fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying.
 Go with me like good Angels to my end,
 And as the long divorce of Steel falls on me,
 Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
 And lift my Soul to Heav'n.
 Lead on a God's Name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for Charity,
 If ever any malice in your Heart
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
 There cannot be those numberless Offences
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
 No black envy shall make my Grave.

Commend me to his Grace;
 And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
 You met him half in Heav'n: My Vows and Prayers,
 Yet are the King's; and till my Soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for Blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his Years;
 Ever below'd and loving may his Rule be;
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one Monument.

Lov. To th' Water-side I must conduct your Grace,

Then

Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*.
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prépare there,
The Duke is coming: see the Barge be ready,
And fit it with such Furniture as suits
The greatness of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Boban*;
Yet I am richer than my base Accusers,
That never knew what Truth meant; I now seal it;
And with that Blood will make 'em one Day groan for't.
My noble Father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
Flying for succour to his Servant *Banister*,
Being distressed, was by that Wretch betray'd,
And without Trial, fell, God's peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My Father's loss, like a most Royal Prince
Restor'd to me my Honours; and out of Ruins
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Son,
Henry the Eighth, Life, Honour, Name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the World. I had my Trial,
And must needs say, a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched Father:
Yet thus far we are one in Fortune, both
Fell by our Servants, by those Men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless Service.
Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying Man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your Love's and Counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make Friends,
And give your Hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your Fortunes, fall away
Like Water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye; all good People
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary Life is come upon me!
Farewell; and when you would say, something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.

I have done; and God forgive me.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of Pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear too many Curses on their Heads,
That were the Authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good Angels keep it from us:
What may it be? you do not doubt my Faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong Faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You shall, Sir; Did you not of late Days hear
A buzzing, of a Separation,
Between the King and *Katherine*?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of Anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the Rumour, and allay those Tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than ere it was, and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of Malice
To the good Queen possess him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the Cardinal;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gen.* I think
You have hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his Will, and she must fall,

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful,

We

We are too open here to argue this :
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

M^T Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best Breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London a Man of my Lord Cardinal's, by Commission and main Power took 'em from me with this reason: His Master would be serv'd before a Subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our Mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will indeed ; well, let him have them ; he will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad Thoughts and Troubles.

Nor. What's the Cause ?

Cham. It seems the Marriage with his Brother's Wife,
Has crept too near his Conscience.

Suf. No, his Conscience
Has crept too near another Lady.

Nor. 'Tis so ;
This is the Cardinal's doing ; the King-Cardinal :
That blind Priest, like the eldest Son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one Day.

Suf. Pray God he do,
He'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his Business,
And with what zeal ? For now he has crackt the League
Between us and the Emperour, the Queen's great Nephew,
He dives into the King's Soul, and there scatters
Dangers, Doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Fears, and Despair, and all these for his Marriage,

And out of all these, to restore the King,
 He counsels a Divorce, a loss of her,
 That like a Jewel, has hung twenty Years
 About his Neck, yet never lost her Lustre;
 Of her that loves him with that excellence,
 That Angels love good Men with; even of her,
 That, when the greatest stroke of Fortune falls,
 Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such Counsel; 'tis most true,
 These News are every where, every tongue speaks 'em,
 And every true Heart weeps for't. All that dare
 Look into these Affairs, see his main end,
 The French King's Sister. Heav'n will one day open
 The King's Eyes, that so long have slept upon
 This bold bad Man.

Suf. And free us from his Slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
 And heartily, for our deliverance;
 Or this impious Man will work us all
 From Princes into Pages; all Mens Honours
 Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
 Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my Lords,
 I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
 If the King please; his Curses and his Blessings
 Touch me alike; th'are breath I not believe in.
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
 To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
 And with some other Business, put the King
 From these sad Thoughts, that work too much upon him;
 My Lord, you'll bear us Company?

Cham. Excuse me,
 The King has sent me other-where: Besides
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
 Health to your Lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Nor. Thanks my good Lord Chamberlain.
The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks; sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? Ha?

Nor.

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your selves
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all Offences
Malice ne'er meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is Business of Estate; in which we come
To know your Royal Pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of Business:
Is this an hour for temporal Affairs? ha?

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat, with a
Commissioner.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King; you're welcome,
Most learned reverend Sir, into our Kingdom,
Use us, and it; my good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private Conference.

King. We are busie; go.

Nor. This Priest has no Pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do, I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wol. Your Grace has given a President of Wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the Voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what Envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by Blood and Favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any Goodness,
The Trial just and noble. All the Clerks,
In mean the learned ones in Christian Kingdoms,
Have their free Voice. *Rome*, the Nurse of Judgment,
Invited by your Noble self, hath sent
One general Tongue unto us, this good Man,
This just and learned Priest, Cardinal *Campeius*,
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine Arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy Conclave for their Loves,
They have sent me such a Man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves
You are so Noble : To your Highness's Hand
I tender my Commission ; by whole Virtue,
The Court of *Rome* commanding, you, my Lord,
Cardinal of *Tork* ; are join'd with me, their Servant
In the impartial judging of this Business,

King. Two equal Men : the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner* ?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in Heart, not to deny her that,
A Woman of less Place might ask by Law,
Scholars allow'd, freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my Favour
To him that does best, God forbid else ; Cardinal:
Prithee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit Fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your Hand ; much joy and favour to you ;
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My Lord of *Tork*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this Man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned Man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill Opinion spread then
Even of your self, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How ? of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him ;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign Man still, which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him ;
That's Christian Care enough ; for living Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, Brother,

We

We live not to be grip'd by meaner Persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of,

For such receipt of Learning is *Black Fryars* :

There ye shall meet about this weighty Business.

My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,

Would it not grieve an able Man to leave

So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience——

O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither--here's the pang that pinches,

His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she

So good a Lady, that no Tongue could ever

Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,

She never knew harm-doing: Oh now after

So many courses of the Sun enthron'd,

Still growing in a Majesty and Pomp, the which

To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, than

'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this process,

To give her the Avaunt, it is a pity

Would move a Monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper

Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O'God's Will, much better

She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,

Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce

It from the bearer, 'tis a Sufferance, panging

As Soul and Body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady,

She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her; verily

I swear 'tis better to belovly born,

And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring Grief,

And wear a golden Sorrow.

Old L. Our Content

Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you,
For all this spice of your Hypocrisie;
You that have so fair Parts of Woman on you,
Have, too, a Woman's Heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which Gifts
(Saving your mincing) the Capacity
Of your soft Chiverel Conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth——

Old L. Yes, troth and troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the Riches under Heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange, a three-pence bow'd now would
Old as I am, to Queen it; but I pray you, (hire me,
What think you of a Dutchess? have you Limbs
To bear that load of Title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made, pluck off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: If your Back
Cannot vouchsafe this Burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a Boy.

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the World.

Old L. In faith for little *England*,
You'll venture an emballing: I myself
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-Morrow, Ladies, what were't worth to
The secret of your Conference? (know

Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistress Sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle Business, and becoming
The Action of good Women, there is hope
All will be well.

Anne.

Anne. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham. You bear a gentle Mind, and heavenly Blessings Follow such Creatures. That you may, fair Lady, Perceive I speak sincerely, and high Notes Ta'en of your many Virtues; the King's Majesty Commends his good Opinion of you, to you; and Does purpose Honour to you no less flowing Than Marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which Title A thousand pound a Year, Annual Support, Out of his Grace, he adds.

Anne. I do not know What kind of my Obedience, I should tender; More than my All, is nothing: nor my Prayers Are not Words duly hallowed, nor my wishes More worth than empty Vanities; yet Prayers and Wishes Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship, Vouchsafe to speak my Thanks, and my Obedience, As from a blushing Handmaid to his Highness; Whose Health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;
I shall not fail t'approve the fair Conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a Gem,
To lighten all this Isle? I'll to the King;
And say I spoke with you. [Exit Chamberlain.]

Anne. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have been begging sixteen Years in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of Pounds; and you, oh fate,
A very fresh Fish here; fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd Fortune, have your Mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty Pence, no:
There was an old Lady once ('tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your Theme, I could
O'er-mount the Lark ; the Marchioness of Pembroke ?
A thousand pounds a Year, for pure respect ?
No other Obligation ? But my life
That promises more thousands : Honour's train
Is longer than his Fore-skirt ; by this time
I know your Back will bear a Dutches. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good Lady,
Make your self Mirth with your particular Fancy ;
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my Blood a jot ; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence ; pray do not deliver,
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me ——— [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands ; next them two Scribes in the habits of Doctors : After them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone ; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph ; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Cross ; then a Gentleman Usher bare headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Mace ; then two Gentlemen, bearing two silver Pillars ; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes Place under the Cloth of State, the two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory : Below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient Order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our Commission from Rome is read,
Let Silence be commanded.

King.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publickly been read.
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time,

Wol. Be't so, proceed.

[*Court.*

Scribe. Say, *Henry King of England*, come into the
Cryer. *Henry King of England, &c.*

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, *Katherine Queen of England*,
Come into the Court.

Cryer. *Katherine, Queen of England, &c.*

*The Queen makes no Answer, rises out of her Chair, goes
about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his
Feet; then speaks;*

Sir, I desire you to do me Right and Justice,
And to bestow your Pity on me; for
I am a most poor Woman, and a Stranger,
Born out of your Dominions; having here
No Judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal Friendship and Proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my Behaviour given to your Displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heav'n witness,
I have been to you a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your Will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your Countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not strove to Love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty Years, and have been blest
With many Children by you. If in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine Honour ought,
My bond of Wedlock, or my Love and Duty

Against

Against your sacred Person; in God's Name
 Turn me away; and let foul'st Contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of Justice. Please you, Sir,
 The King your Father, was reputed for
 A Prince most prudent, and an excellent
 And unmatched Wit and Judgment. *Ferdinand*
 My Father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by man
 A Year before. It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise Council to them
 Of every Realm, that did debate this Business,
 Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, Sir, to spare me, 'till I may
 Be by my Friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose Counsel
 I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Vol. You have here, Lady,
 (And of your choice) these Reverend Fathers, Men
 Of singular Integrity and Learning:
 Yea, the elect o'th' the Land, who are assembled
 To plead your Cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you defer the Court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
 Hath spoken well, and justly; therefore, Madam,
 It's fit this Royal Session do proceed,
 And that, without delay, their Arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal, to you I speak.

Vol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir, I am about to weep; but thinking that
 We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
 The Daughter of a King, my drops of Tears
 I'll turn to sparks of Fire.

Vol. Be patient yet ———

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent Circumstances, that
 You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge.
 You shall not be my Judge. For it is you

Have

Have blown this Coal, betwixt my Lord and me,
Which God's dew quench; therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my Soul
Refuse you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and think not
At all a Friend to Truth.

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like your self, who ever yet
Have stood to Charity, and display'd th' effects
Of Disposition gentle, and of Wisdom
O'er-topping Woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong,
I have no Spleen against you, nor Injustice
For you, or any; how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this Coal, I do deny it,
The King is present; If it be known to him,
That I gain-say my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my Falshood? yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lyes to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say no more:

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,

I am a simple Woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, and humble mouth'd,
You sign your Place and calling, in full seeming,
With Meekness and Humility; but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogance, with Spleen and Pride.
You have by Fortune and his Highness Favours,
Gone slightly o'er low Steps, and now are mounted
Where Powers are your Retainers, and your Words,
Domesticks to you serve your Will, as't please
Your self pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your Person's Honour, than
Your high profession Spiritual. That again
I do refuse you for my Judge, and here

Before

Before you all, Appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to Justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the Court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience — pray you pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate,
That Man i'th' World, who shall report he has
A better Wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone,
If thy rare Qualities, sweet Gentleness,
Thy Meekness Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy Parts
Sovereign and pious, could speak thee out,
The Queen of earthly Queens: She's noble born;
And like her true Nobility, she has
Carried her self towards me.

Wel. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these Ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfy'd) whether ever I
Did broach this Business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royal Lady, spake one, the least word
That might be the prejudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

King.

King. My Lord Cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught,
That you have many Enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like the Village Curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this Business, never desir'd
It to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft,
The Passages made towards it: on my Honour
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't:
My Conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain Speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* Ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th' Progress of this business,
E'er a determinate Resolution, he,
I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
Whether our Daughter were Legitimate,
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometime our Brother's Wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my Conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting Power, and made to tremble
The Region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd Considerings did throng
And prest in with this Caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of Heav'n, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Lady's Womb,
If it conceiv'd a Male-child by me, should
Do no more Offices of Life to't, than
The Grave does to the Dead; for her Male-Issue,
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This World had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a Judgment on me, that my Kingdom,
Well worthy the best Heir o'th' World, should not
Be glad in't by me. Then follows, that

I weigh'd

I weigh'd the Danger which my Realms stood in
 By this my Issuesail, and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throw; thus hulling in
 The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steer
 Towards this Remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I mean to rectify my Conscience, which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,
 By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
 And Doctors learn'd. First, I began in private,
 With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
 How under my Oppression I did reel,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have spoke long, be pleas'd your self to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your Highness,
 The Question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daring'st Council which I had to doubt,
 And did intreat your Highness to this Course,
 Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
 My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
 To make this present Summons unsolicited.
 I left no reve end Person in this Court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your Hands and Seals; therefore go on,
 For no dislike 'th' World against the Person
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny Points
 Of my alledged Reasons, drives this forward:
 Prove but our Marriage lawful, by my Life
 And kingly Dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal State to come, with her
 (*Katherine* our Queen) before the prime'st Creature
 That's paragon'd o' th' World.

Cam. So please your Highness,
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness,
 That we adjourn this Court to a further day;
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen, to call back her Appeal

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She intends unto his Holiness.

King. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory Sloth, and Tricks of *Rome*.
My learn'd and well belov'd Servant *Cranmer*,
Prithee return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along; break up the Court
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen. TAKE thy Lute, Wench,
My Soul grows sad with Troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus, with his Lute, made Trees,
And the Mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing,
To his Musick, Plants and Flowers
Ever spring, as Sun and Showers
There had made a lasting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play.
Even the Billows of the Sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In sweet Musick is such Art,
Killing Care, and Grief of Heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come near; what can be their Business
With me, a poor weak Woman, fall'n from Favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't, They

They should be good Men, their Affairs are Righteous;
But, *All Hoods make not Monks.*

Enter the Cardinals, Wolsey, and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness.

wife,

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a House-
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your Pleasures with me, Reverend Lords?

Wol. May it please you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my Conscience,
Deserves a Corner; would all other Women
Could speak this with as free a Soul, as I do:
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my Actions
Were try'd by every Tongue, every Eye saw 'em,
Envy and hale Opinion set against 'em
I know my Life to even. If your Business
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open Dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Sere-*

Queen. Good my Lord, no *Latin*; [*nissima. —*

I am not such a Truant since my coming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious:
Pray speak in *English*, here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor Mistress sake;
Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st Sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble Lady,

I am sorry my Integrity should breed
(And Service to his Majesty and you)
So deep Suspicion, where all Faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accusation,
To taint that Honour every good Tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to Sorrow,
You have too much, good Lady: But to know
How you stand minded in the weighty Difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest Men, our just Opinions,

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And comforts to your Cause.

Cam. Most honoured Madam,
My Lord of *Tork*, out of his noble Nature,
Zeal and Obedience, he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good Man, your late Censure
Both of his Truth and him, (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of Peace,
His Service and his Counsel.

Queen. To betray me.

My Lords, I thank you both for your good Wills,
Ye speak like honest Men, pray God ye prove so,
But how to make ye suddenly an Answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine Honour,
(More near my Life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such Men of Gravity and Learning;
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my Maids, full little, God knows, looking
Either for such Men, or such Business;
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my Greatness, good your Graces,
Let me have Time and Council for my Cause:
Alas, I am a Woman friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam,

You wrong the King's Love with those Fears,
Your hopes and Friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit: Can you think, Lords,
That any *English* Man dare give me Counsel?
Or be a known Friend 'gainst his Highness Pleasure,
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And like a Subject? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my Afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here,
They are, as all my other Comforts are, far hence
In mine own Country, Lords.

Cam. I would your Grace

Would leave your Grievs, and take my Counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main Cause into the King's Protection,
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the Trial of the Law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what you wish for both, my Ruin:
Is this your Christian Counsel? Out upon ye,
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your Rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy Men I thought ye,
Upon my Soul, two reverend Cardinal Virtues;
But Cardinal Sins, and hollow Hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my Lords: Is this your Comfort?
The Cordial that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A Woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my Miferies,
I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for Heav'n's sake take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my Sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer Distraction,
You turn the Good we offer into Envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false Professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Justice, any Pity,
If ye be any thing, but Churchmens Habits)
Put my sick Cause into his Hands that hates me?
Alas, he's banish'd me his Bed already,
His Love too, long ago. I am old, my Lords,
And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
Is only by Obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse. ———

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since Virtue finds (no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without vain Glory)
Never yet branded with Suspicion?
Have I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next Heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my Prayers to content him:
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant Woman to her Husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a Joy, beyond his Pleasure:
And to that Woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an Honour; a great Patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble Title
Your Master wed me to: Nothing but Death
Shall e'er divorce my Dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me. —

Queen. Would I had never trod this *English* Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
Ye have Angels Faces, but Heaven knows your Hearts.
What shall become of me now! wretched Lady!
I am the most unhappy Woman living.
Alas, poor Wenches, where are now your Fortunes?

[To her Women.

Ship-wreck'd upon a Kingdom, where no Pity,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for me!
Almost no Grave allow'd me! like the Lilly,
That once was Mistress of the Field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my Head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our Ends are honest,
You'll feel more comfort. Why should we, good Lady,
Upon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it:

We are to cure such Sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness sake consider what you do,
How you may hurt your self, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The Hearts of Princes kill Obedience,
So much they love it: But to stubborn Spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as Storms.

Know you have a gentle, noble Temper,
Soul as even as a Calm; pray think us,
Whose we profess, Peace-makers, Friends and Servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so:

You wrong your Virtues
With these weak Womens fears. A Noble Spirit,
As yours was, put into you ever casts
Such doubts as false Coin from it. The King loves you
Aware you lose it not, for us (if you please
To trust us in your Business) we are ready
To use our utmost Studies in your Service.

(me,

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and pray forgive
Wol. I have us'd my self unmannerly; You

You know I am a Woman, lacking Wit
 To make a seemly Answer to such Persons.
 Pray do my Service to his Majesty.
 He has my Heart yet; and shall have my Prayers
 While I shall have my Life. Come, Reverend Fathers;
 Bestow your Counsels on me. She now begs
 That little thought when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her Dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,
 and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
 And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinal
 Cannot stand under them. If you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
 But that you shall sustain more new Disgraces,
 With these you bear already:

Sur. I am joyful
 To meet the least Occasion that may give me
 Remembrance of my Father-in-law the Duke,
 To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers
 Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected? When did he regard
 The stamp of Nobleness in any Person
 Out of himself?

Cham. My Lords, you speak your Pleasures:
 What he deserves of you and me, I know:
 What we can do to him (though now the time
 Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
 Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O fear him not,
 His Spell in that is out; the King hath found
 Matter against him that for ever mars
 The Honey of his Language. No, he's settled,
 Not to come off, in his high Displeasure.

Sur. Sir,

I should

I should be glad to hear such News as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it this is true,
In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish my Enemy.

Sur. How came
His Practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinal's Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' Eye o'th' King, wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness
To stay the Judgment o'th' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in Affection, to
A Creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
And hedges his own way. But in this Point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Physick
After his Patient's Death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your Wish, my Lord;
For I profess you have it.

Sur. Now all my Joy
Trace the Conjunction.

Suf. My Amen to't.

Nor. All Mens.

Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is but young, and may be left
To some Ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
In Mind and Feature, I perswade me from her
Will fall some Blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry, Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be more Wasps that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal *Campeius*
Is stoln away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the Cause to th' King unhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his Plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd Ha! at this.

Cham. Now God incense him;
And let him cry Ha, louder.

Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his Divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous Colleges
Almost in Christendom; shortly, I believe,
His second Marriage shall be published, and
Her Coronation. *Katharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess Dowager,
A Widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's Business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him,
For it, an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwel.

The Cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wel. The Packet, *Cromwel*,
Cave't you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's Bedchamber.

Wel. Look'd he o'th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently,

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious Mind; a heed
Was in his Countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this Morning.

Wel. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.

[Exit Cromwel.

It shall be to the Duchess of *Alençon*,

[*Aside.*

The *French King's* Sister; he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen! —No, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,—

There's more in't than fair *Village—Bullen!*—

No, we'll no *Bullens*—Speedily I wish

To hear from *Rome*—the Marchioness of *Pembroke!*—

Nor. He's discontented:

Suf. May be he hears the King

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord for thy Justice.

Wol. [*Aside.*] The late Queen's Gentlewoman!

A Knight's Daughter!

To be her Mistress's Mistress! the Queen's Queen!—

This Candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,

Then out it goes — What though I know her virtuous

And well-deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our Cause!—that she should lie i'th bosom of

Our hard-rul'd King!—Again there is sprung up

An Heretick, an arch one; *Cranmer*, one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And his Oracle.

N.r. He's vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret the string
The Master-cord on's Heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of Wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinal?

N.r. My Lord, we have

Stood here observing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his Brain; he bites his Lips and starts,
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his Temple; straight
Springs out into salt Gate, then stops again,
Strikes his Breast hard, and then anon, he casts
His Eye against the Moon, in most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This Morning,
Papers of State he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There, on my Conscience put unwittingly,
Forsooth an Inventory, thus importing
The several parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
Rich Stuffs and Ornaments of Household, which
I find at such a proud Rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a Subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your Eye withal.

King. If we did think
His Contemplations were above the Earth,
And fix'd on spiritual Objects, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the Moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

He takes his Seat, whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.

Wol. Heaven forgive me ———
Ever God bless your Highness ———

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heavenly Stuff, and bear the Inventory
Of your best Graces, in your Mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure, a brief span
To keep your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deem you an ill Husband, and am glad
To have you therein my Companion.

Wol. Sir,
For Holy Offices I have a time; time
To think upon the part of Business, which
I bear i'th' State; and Nature does require
Her times of Preservation, which perforce
I her frail Son, amongst my Brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well,
With my well saying.

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King. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good Deed to say well,
And yet Words are no Deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He said he did, and with this Deed did crown
His Word upon you. Since I had my Office
I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Havings, to bestow
My Bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

[*Aside.*

Sur. The Lord increase this Business.

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime Man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withal
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your Royal Graces
Shew'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes require, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours,
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine own Ends
Have been so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State: For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me, poor Undeserver, I
Can nothing render but Allegiant Thanks,
My Prayers to Heav'n for you; my Loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till Death, that Winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:

A Loyal and Obedient Subject is
Therein illustrated, the Honour of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulness is the Punishment. I presume,
That as my Hand has open'd Bounty to you,
My Heart dropp'd Love, my Pow'r rain'd Honour, more
On you, than any; so your Hand and Heart,
Your Brain, and every Function of your Power,
Should, notwithstanding that your Bond of Duty,
As 'twere in Love's particular, be more
To me, your Friend, than any.

Wel. I do profess,
That for your Highness good, I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am I, have been, and will be:
Though all the World should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in Forms more horrid; yet my Duty,
As doth a Rock against the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wild River break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
Take notice Lords, he has a loyal Breast,
For you have seen him open'd. Read o'er this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you may.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey, the
Nobles throng after him whispering and smiling.]*

Wel. What should this mean?
What sudden Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if Ruin
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lion
Upon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this Paper:
I fear, the story of his Anger — 'Tis so —
This Paper has undone me — 'Tis th' Account
Of all that World of Wealth I have drawn together
For mine own Ends, indeed to gain the Popedom,
And see my Friends in Rome. O Negligence!
Fit for a Fool to fall by: What cross Devil
Made me put this main Secret in the Packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his Brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of Fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the Pope?*
The Letter, as I live, with all the Business
I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
Like a bright Exhalation in the Evening,
And no Man see me more.

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Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render up the great Seal presently
Into our Hands, and to confine your self
To *Asher-house*, my Lord of *Winchester's*,
'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay :
Where's your Commission, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em.
Bearing the King's Will from his Mouth expressly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or Words to do it,
I mean your Malice, know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what course Metal ye are molded—Envy :
How eagerly you follow my Disgrace
As it it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my Ruin ;
Follow your envious Courses, Men of Malice
You have a Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit Rewards. That Seal
You ask with such a Violence, the King,
Mine, and your Master, with his own hand gave me :
Had me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honours
During my Life ; and to confirm his Goodness,
Ty'd it by Letters Patents. Now, who'l take it?

Sar. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sar. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest.

Wol. Proud Lord, thou lyest :

Within these forty Hours, *Surrey* durst better
Have burnt that Tongue, than said so.

Sar. Thy Ambition,
Thou scarlet Sin, robb'd this bewailing Land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my Father-in-Law :
The Heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
With thee, and all thy best Prats bound together,
Weigh'd not a Hair of his. Plague of your Policy,
You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his Succour ; from the King, from all

That might have Mercy on the Fault thou gav'st him :
Whil'st your great Goodness, out of holy Pity,
Absolv'd him with an Axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking Lord can lay upon my Credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his Deserts. How innocent I was
From any private Malice in his End,
His noble Jury, and foul Cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You have as little Honesty, as Honour,
That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth
Toward the King, my ever Royal Master,
Dare mate a sounder Man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his Follies.

Sur. by my Soul,

Your long Coat, Priest, protects you, thou should'st feel
My Sword i'th' Life-Blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance ?
And from this Fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Jaded by a Piece of Scarlet,
Farewel Nobility, let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larks,

Wol. All Goodness

Is poison to thy Stomach.

Sur. Yes, that Goodness

Of gleaning all the Lands-wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by Extortion:
The goodness of your intercepted Packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King ; your Goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common Good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobility, our Issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be Gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his Sins, the Articles
Collected from his Life. I'll startle you
Worse than the scaring Bell, when the brown Wench
Lay kissing in your Arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much methinks I could despise this Man,
But that I am bound in Charity against it.

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the King's Hand :

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So little, of

But thus much they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knows my Truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my Memory, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry Guilty, Cardinal,
You'll shew a little Honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worst Objections: If I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want Manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my Head; have at you.
First, that without the King's Assent or Knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legat, by which Power
You main'd the Jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.

Suf. Then, that without the Knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great Seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To *Gregory de Cassalis*, to conclude,
Without the King's Will, or the States allowance,
A League between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer Ambition, you have caus'd
Your Holy-Hat to be stamp'd on the King's Coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable Substance,
By what means got I leave to your own Conscience,
To furnish *Rome*, and to prepare the Ways
You have for Dignities, to the meer undoing
Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my Mouth with.

Cham. O my Lord,
Press not a falling Man too far; 'tis Virtue:
His Faults lye open to the Laws, let them,
Not you, correct him. My Heart weeps to see him
So little, of his great Self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power Legatine, within this Kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a Præmunire;
That therefore such a Writ besued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

(Exeunt all but Wolsey)

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me,
Farewel, a long farewell to all my Greatness.
This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of hopes, to morrow Blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him:
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton Boys that swim on Bladders,
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my Depth: My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary and old with Service, to the Mercy
Of a rude Stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the world, I hate ye,
I feel my Heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor Man that hangs on Princes Favours;
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than Wars or Women have:
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell standing amaz'd.

Why, how now Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my Misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great Man should decline. Nay, and you weep
I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wel. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwe'l*,
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities.
A still and quiet Conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these Shoulders,
These ruin'd Pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a Navy, too much Honour.
O 'tis a Burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a Burden!
Too heavy for a Man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace
Has made that right Use of it.

Wel. I hope I have:

I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of Soul, I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted Enemies dare offer.
What News abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your Displeasure with the King.

Wel. God bless him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Wel. That's somewhat sudden—

But he's a learned Man. May he continue
Long in his Highness's favour, and do Justice
For Truth's sake and his Conscience; that his Bones,
When he has run his Course and sleeps in Blessings,
May have a Tomb of Orphans Tears wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wel. That's News indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This Day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to Chappel; and the Voice is now
Only about her Coronation.

Wel.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
 The King has gone beyond me : All my Glories
 In that one Woman I have lost for ever.
 No Sun shall ever usher forth mine Honours,
 Or gild again the noble Troops that waited
 Upon my Smiles. Go get thee from me, *Cromwell*,
 I am a poor fallen Man, unworthy now
 To be thy Lord and Master. Seek the King,
 That Sun, I pray may never set ; I have told him,
 What and how true thou art ; he will advance thee :
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 I know his noble Nature, not to let
 Thy hopeful Service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
 Neglect him not : make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
 Must I then leave you ? must I needs forgo
 So good, so noble, and so true a Master ?
 Bear witness, all that have not Hearts of Iron,
 With what a Sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
 The King shall have my Service ; but my Prayers
 For ever, and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a Tear
 In all my Miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me ;
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the Woman.
 Let's dry our Eyes : and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard : Say, I taught thee ;
 Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of Glory,
 And sounded all the Depths and Shoals of Honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wrack to rise in :
 A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
 Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me ;
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 By that Sin fell the Angels ; how can Man then
 The Image of his Maker, hope to win it ?
 Love thy self last, cherish those Hearts that hate thee :
 Corruption wins not more than Honesty.
 Still in thy right Hand, carry gentle Peace
 To silence envious Tongues. Be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O *Cromwell*,
Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr. Serve the King;
And prithee lead me in:

There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the last Penny, 'tis the King's. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
Had I but serv'd my God, with half the Zeal
I serv'd my King; he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of Court, my hopes in Heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 *Gen.* **Y**ou're well met once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The Lady *Anne* pass from her Coronation.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my Business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his Trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd Sorrow,
This, general Joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well; the Citizens
I am sure have shewn at full their Royal Minds,
And let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shews,
Pageants, and Sights of Honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor I'll assure you better taken, Sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
The Paper in your Hands?

1 *Gen.* Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claim their Offices this Day,

By

By custom of the Coronation.

The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be high Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
He to be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those Customs,
I should have been beholding to your Paper.
But I beseech you what's become of *Katherine*,
The Princess Dowager? How goes her Business?

1 Gen. That I can tell you too; the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and Reverend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at *Dunstable*, six Miles off
From *Amptbil*, where the Princess lay, to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned Men, she was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 Gen. Alas good Lady;
The Trumpets sound; stand close,
The Queen is coming.

[Hautboys.

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the Purse and Mace before him.*
4. *Quiristers singing.* [Musick.
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter in his Court of Arms, and on his Head a Gilt Copper Crown.*
6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his Head a Demi-Coronet of Gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crown'd, with an Earl's Coronet. Cellars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his Head. Cellars of SS.*
8. *A Canopy born by four of the Cinque-Ports, under it the Queen*

Queen in her Robes, in her Hair richly adorned with Pearl, Crown'd. On each side her the Bishops of London and Winchester.

9. *The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*

They pass over the Stage in Order and State, and then Exeunt, with a great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 Gen. A Royal Train, believe me; these I know; Who's that bears the Scepter?

1 Gen. Marquess Dorset.

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave Gentleman. That should be The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bless thee,

Thou hast the sweetest Face I ever look'd on

Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel;

Our King has all the Indies in his Arms.

And more, and richer, when he strains that Lady:

I cannot blame his Conscience,

1 Gen. They that bear

The Cloth of Honour over her, are four Barons

Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those Men are happy,

And so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the Train,

Is that old noble Lady, the Dutchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Gen. Their Coronets say so. These are stars indeed, And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the Croud i'th' Abby, where a Finger Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled, With the meer Rankness of their Joy.

2 Gen. You saw the Ceremony?

3 Gen. I did.

1 Gen.

1 Gen. How was it ?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich Stream
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich Chair of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That ever lay by Man; which when the People
Had the full View of, such a noise arose,
As the shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up, and had their Faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd Women,
That had not half a Week to go, like Rams
In the old time of War, would shake the Prefs
And make 'em reel before 'em. No Man living
Could say, this is my Wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But what follow'd ?

[Paces

3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her fair Eyes to Heav'n, and pray'd devoutly,
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the People:
When by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
She had all the Royal makings of a Queen;
As holy Oil, *Edward* Confessor's Crown,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
With all the choicest Musick of the Kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full State pac'd back again
To *Turk-Place*, where the Feast is held.

1 Gen. Sir,
You must no more call it *Turk-Place*, that's past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that Title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 Gen. I know it:

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But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old Name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two Reverend Bishops
Were those, that went on each side of the Queen?

3 *Gen.* *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Winchester*,
Newly prefer'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.

2 *Gen.* He of *Winchester*
Is held no great good Lover of the Archbishop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 *Gen.* All the Land knows that:
However yet there is no great breach, when it comes,
Cranmer will find a Friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may be that, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,
A Man in much esteem with the King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King has made him
Master o' th' Jewel house,
And one already of the Privy-Council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, Gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there ye shall be my Guests
Something I can command; as I walk thither
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Katherine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her
Gentleman Usher, and Patience her Woman.*

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O *Griffith*, sick to death:
My Legs like loaded Branches bow to th' Earth,
Willing to leave their Burthen: Reach a Chair ———
So — now methinks I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*]
Didst thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'st me,
That the great Child of Honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, give no ear to't.

Kath.

Kath. Prithee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd,
If well, he slept before me happily,
For my Example.

Grif. Well, the Voice goes, Madam;
For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *Tork*, and brought him forward
As a Man sorely tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Mule.

Kath. Alas, poor Man.

Grif. At last, with easie Roads he came to *Leicester*,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot,
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these Words. O Father Abbot,
An old Man broken with the Storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary Bones among ye;
Give him a little Earth for Charity.
So went to Bed; when eagerly his Sicknes
Pursu'd him still, and three Nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,
Continual Meditations, Tears and Sorrows,
He gave his Honour to the World again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in Peace.

Kath. So may he rest,
His Faults lay bury'd with him.
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with Charity; he was a Man
Of an unbounded Stomach, ever rarking
Himself with Princes. One that by Suggestion
Ty'd all the Kingdom; Simony was fair play,
His own Opinion was his Law. I'th' Presence
He would say Untruths, and be ever double
Both in his Words and Meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to Ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, Mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, Nothing;
Of his own Body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill Example.

Grif. Noble Madam.

Mensevil Manners live in Brasse, their Virtues
We write in water. May it please your Highness

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To hear me speak his Good now ?

Kath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much Honour. From his Cradle
He was a Scholar, and a ripe and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those Men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a Sin, yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely ; ever witness for him
Those Twins of Learning, that he rais'd in you.
Ipswich and *Oxford*: one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it,
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his Virtue.
His Overthrow heap'd Happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the Blessedness of being little,
And to add greater Honours to his Age
Than Man could give him; he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my Death, I wish no other Herald,
No other Speaker of my living Actions,
To keep mine Honour from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler, as *Griffith*.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me
With thy religious Truth and Modesty,
Now in his Ashes, honour ; Peace be with him.
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cause the Musicians play me that sad Note
I nam'd my Knell; whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial Harmony, I go to.

Sad and Solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep : Good Wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The

The Vision. Enter solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their Heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces, Branches of Bays or Palm in their hands. They first Congee unto her, then Dance; and at certain Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her head, at which the other four make reverend Curtsies. Then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same Order. At which, as it were by Inspiration, she makes in her sleep, signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her Hands to Heaven. And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed Troop
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright Faces
Cast a thousand Beams upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternal Happiness,
And brought me Garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good Dreams
Possess your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[Musick ceases.]

Pat. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her Face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark her Eyes.

Grif. She's going, Wench. Pray, pray, ———

Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. And't like your Grace—

Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted Greatness,
To use so rude Behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mef. I humbly do intreat your Highness pardon,
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him Entrance, *Griffith.* But this Fellow
Let me ne'er see again. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my fight fail not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor
My Royal Nephew, and your Name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your Servant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine own Service to your Grace, the next
The King's Request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely Commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good Comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that Comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physick given in Time had cur'd me;
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good Health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor Name
Banish'd

Banish'd the Kingdom. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Kath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
Thust to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his Goodness
The Model of our chaste loves, his young Daughter,
The dews of Heav'n fall thick in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young and of a noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserve well, and a little
To love her for her Mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows how dearly. My next poor Petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched Women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lye, but well deserve,
For Virtue, and true Beauty of the Soul,
For Honesty and decent Carriage,
A right good Husband, let him be a Noble,
And sure those Men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my Men, they are the poorest,
But Poverty could never draw 'em from me,
That they may have their Wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by.
If Heav'n had pleas'd to have given me longer Life
And able Means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this World,
As you wish Christian Peace to Souls departed,
Stand these poor Peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this last Right.

Cap. By Heav'n I will,

Or let me lose the Fashion of a Man.

Kath. I thank you, honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness;
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this World. Tell him, in Death I blest him,
For so I will; mine Eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay, *Patience*,

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed.
 Call in more Women. When I am dead, good Wench,
 Let me be us'd with Honour, strew me over
 With Maiden Flowers, that all the World may know
 I was a chaste Wife to my Grave: Embalm me,
 Then lay me forth, although un-Queen'd, yet like
 A Queen, and Daughter to a King, inter me: "
 I can no more. [Exeunt, leading Katherine.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gardiner Bish.p of Winchester, a Page with a Tumb before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.

Gard. **I**T's one a Clock, Boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for Necessities,
 Not for Delights; Times to repair our Nature
 With comforting Repose, and not for us
 To waste these times. Good hour of Night, *Sir Thomas*,
 Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, *Sir Thomas*, and left him at *Primero*
 With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too.
 Before he goes to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet *Sir Thomas Lovel*; what's the matter?
 It seems you are in haste: And if there be
 No great Offensee belongs to't, give your Friend
 Some touch of your late Business; Affairs that walk,
 As they say Spirits do, at midnight, have
 In them a wilder Nature, than the Business
 That seeks dispatch by Day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you:
 And durst commend a Secret to your Ear
 Much weightier than this Word. The Queen's in Labour,
 They say in great extremity, and 'tis fear'd
 She'll with the Labour end.

Gard. The Fruit she goes with
 I pray for heartily, that it may find

Good

Good time, and live; but for the Stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience says,
She is a good Creature, and sweet Lady, does
Does deserve our better Wishes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir—
Hear me, Sir Thomas—y'are a Gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you are Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two Hands, and she,
Sleep in their Graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' Kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the Jewel-house, is made Master
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary. Further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the Time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's Hand, or Tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my Mind of him; and indeed this Day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incens'd the Lords of the Council, that he is,
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-heretick, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Given Ear to our Complaint, of his great Grace
And Princely Care, foreseeing those fell Mischiefs
Our Reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Council Board
He be Convented. He's a rank Weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long: Good Night, Sir Thomas.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page*]

Lov. Many Good Nights, my Lord, I rest your servant
Enter King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to Night,
My Mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

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King.
Ha! --I

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, *Charles*,

Nor shall not, when my Fancy's on my Play:
Now, *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the News?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her Woman
I sent your Message, who return'd her Thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!

To pray for her! What! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her Woman, and that her suff'rance
Almost each Pang a Death. [made

King. Alas! good Lady.

Suf. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an Heir.

King. 'Tis Midnight, *Charles*,
Prithee to Bed, and in thy Prayers remember
Th' Estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which Company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet Night, and my good Mistress will
Remember in my Prayers.

King. *Charles*, Good Night: [Exit Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-
As you commanded me. [bishop

King. Ha! *Canterbury*! ---

Denny. Ay, my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true --- where is he? *Denny.*

Denny. He attends your Highness's Pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Lov. This is about that which the Bishop spake,
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.
Ha! --I have said---be gone. [Ex. Lovel and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful: wh refore frowns he thus?
'T s h s Aspect of Te ro-. All s not well.

King. How now, my Lord? you do desire to know,
Wherefo e I sent for you.

Cran. It is my Duty,
T attend your Highness p'easeure.

King. Pray you arise,
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury*.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I have News to tell you.

Come, come, give me your Hand.

Ah! my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my Lord,
Grievous Complaints of you; which being consider
Have moved us, and our Council, that you shall
'Th s Morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge your self
But that 'till further Trial, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your Patience to you, and be well contented
To make your House our *Tower*; you a Brother of us
It fits we thus proceed, or else no Witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good Occasion.
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my Chaff
And Corn shall fly asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious Tongues
Than I my self, poor Man.

King. Stand up good *Canterbury*;
Thy Truth and thy Integrity is rooted
In us, thy Friend. Give me thy Hand, stand up;
Prithee let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of Man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains, to bring together
Yourself and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without Indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Leige,

The

The Good I stand on, is my Truth and Honesty :
If they shall fall, I, with mine Enemies,
Will triumph o'er my Person ; which I weigh not,
Being of those Virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not [World ?
How your State stands i'th' World, with the whole
Your Enemies are many, and not small: their Prac-
Must bear the same Proportion : and not ever [tices
The Justice and the Truth o'th' Question carries
The due o'th' Verdict with it. At what Ease
Might corrupt Minds procure Knaves as corrupt,
To swear against you ? Such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great size. I mean you of better Luck,
I mean in perjur'd Witness, than your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth ? Go to, go to,
You take a Precipice for no leap of Danger,
And woe your own Destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine Innocence, or I fall into
The Trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good Cheer,
They shall no more prevail than we give way to:
Keep Comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with Matters, to commit you ;
The best Persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use ; and with what Vehemency
The Occasion shall instruct you. If Intreaties
Will render you no Remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good Man weeps:
He's honest, on mine Honour. God's blest Mother,
I swear he is true-hearted, and a Soul
None better in my Kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cran.*
He has strangled all his Language in his Tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back, what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back, the Tidings that I bring
Will make my Boldness Manners. Now good Angels
Fly o'er thy Royal Head, and shade thy Person
Under their blessed Wings.

King. Now by thy Looks .
I guess thy Message. Is the Queen deliver'd ?
Say, Ay, and of a Boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege ;
And of a lovely Boy ; the God of Heav'n
Both now, and ever bless her : 'Tis a Girl,
Promises Boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this Stranger ; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry is to Cherry.

King. Lovel.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Marks.
I'll to the Queen.

[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred Marks ! By this light, I'll ha'more.
An ordinary Groom is for such Payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Girl was like to him ? I'll
Have more, or else unsay't ; and now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the Issue.

[Exit Lady.]

SCENE II.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ?
Who waits there ? Sure you know me ? [Hoe ?

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Yes, my Lord ;
But I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

Keeper. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of Malice : I am glad
I came this way so haply. The King
Shall understand it presently.

[Exit Butts.]

Cran. 'Tis Butts.

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Gard.

The King's Physician, as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his Eyes upon me ;
Pray Heav'n he found not my Disgrace : for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their Hearts, I never sought their Malice)
To quench mine Honour ! they woul shame to make
Wait else at Door : A Fellow Councillor [me
'Mong Boys, and Grooms, and Lackeys ! But their plea-
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience. [sures

Enter the King and Butts at a Window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest Sight ---

King. What's that, Butts ?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a Day.

King. Body a me : where is it ?

Butts. There, my Lord :

The high Promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at Door 'mongst Pursevants,
Pages, and Foot-boys.

King. Ha ? 'tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they do one another ?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much Honesty among 'em
At least good Manners, as not thus to suffer
A Man of his Place, and so near our Favour,
To dance Attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the Doortoo, like a Post with Packets :
By holy Mary, Butts, there's Knavery ;
Let 'em alone, and draws the Curtain close.
We shall hear more anon.

A Council Table brought in with Chairs and Stools, and placed under the State. Enter Lord-Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the Table, on the left Hand. As at being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury's Seat. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord-Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each Side. Cromwell at the lower end as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the Business, Mr. Secretary :
Why are we met in Council ?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The chief Concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Gard. Has he Knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there ?

Keep. Without ? my noble Lords.

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop ;

And has done half an Hour, to know your Pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the Council-Table.*]

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That Chair stand empty : But we all are Men
In our own Natures frail, and capable
Of our Flesh, few are Angels ; out of which Frailty
And want of Wisdom, you that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little :
Toward the King first, then his Laws, in filling
the whole Realm, by your teaching and your Chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd) with new Opinions
Divers and dangerous, which are Heresies ;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Whi h Reformation must be sudden too,
My noble Lords ; for those that tame wild Horses,
Pace 'em not in their Hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their Mouths with stubborn Bits, and spur
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, [em
Out of our Easiness and childish Pity,
To one Man's Honour, this contagious Sicknes,
Farewel all Physick : And what follows then ?
Commotions, Uproars, with a general Taint
Of the whole State : As of late Days our Neighbour
The upper *Germany*, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our Memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the Progress
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little Study, that my Teaching,
And the strong Course of my Authority,
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
Was ever to do well : Nor is there living,
(I speak it with a single Heart, my Lords)
A Man that most detests, more stirs against,

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Both in his private Conscience, and his Place,
Defaces of the publick Peace, than I do :
Pray Heav'n the King may never find a Heart
With less Allegiance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked Malice, Nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your Lordships,
That in this case of Justice, my Accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth Face to Face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord.

That cannot be ; you are a Councillor,
And by that Virtue no Man dare accuse you. [*ment,*
Gard. My Lord, because we have business of more mo-
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness pleasure
And our Consent, for better Trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*,
Where being but a private Man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good Lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,
You are always my good Friend ; if your Will pass,
I shall both find your Lordship Judge and Juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and Meekness, Lord,
Become a Church-man better than Ambition :
Win straying Souls with Modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
Lay all the Weight ye can upon my Patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do Conscience
In doing daily Wrongs. I could say more,
But Reverence to your Calling makes me modest.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plain Truth ; your painted Gloss discovers,
To Men that understand you, Words and Weakness.

Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, you're a little,
By your own good Favour, too sharp ; Men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find Respect
For what they have been : 'Tis a Cruelty
To load a falling Man.

Gard. Good Mr. *Secretary*,
I cry you Honour Mercy ; you may, worst

Of all this Table, say so.

Crom. Why, my Lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest:
Mens Prayers then would seek you, not their Fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold Life too.

Cham. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my Lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it by all Voices; that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' Tow'r a Prisoner;
There to remain 'till the King's further Pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of Mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower, my Lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a Traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little to say yet. Look there, my Lords;
By virtue of that Ring, I take my Cause
Out of the Gripes of cruel Men, and give it
'To a most noble Judge, the King my Master.

Cham. This is the King's Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit,

Suf. 'Tis his right Ring, by Heav'n. I told ye all
When we first put this dang'rous Stone a rowling,
'T would fall upon our selves.

Nor. Do you think, my Lords,
The King will suffer but the little Finger
Of this Man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his Life in value with him ?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My Mind gave me,
In seeking Tales and Informations
Against this Man, whose Honesty the Devil
And his Disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the Fire that burns ye ; now have at you.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seat.

Gard. Dread Sovereign,
How much are we bound to Heav'n,
In daily Thanks, that gave us such a Prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that in all Obedience, makes the Church
The chief Aim of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy Duty of our dear Respect,
His Royal Self in Judgment comes to hear
The Cause betwixt her and this great Offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden Commendations.
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such Flatteries now, and in my Presence,
They are too thin and base to hide Offences.
To me you cannot reach ; you play the Spaniel,
And think with wagging of your Tongue to win me :
But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel Nature, and a bloody.
Good Man, sit down : now let me see the proudest [To
He that dares most, but wag his Finger at thee. [Cran.
By all that's Holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think, this Place becomes thee not.

Sir. May it please your Grace ---

King. No, Sir, it does not please me,
I had thought I had Men of some Understanding
And Wisdom, in my Council ; but I find none :
Was it Discretion, Lords, to let this Man,
This good Man, (few of you deserve that Title)
This honest Man, wait like a lousie Foot-boy
At Chamber-door, and one, as great as you are ?

Why

Why what a Shame was this ? Did my Commission
 Bid ye so far forget your selves ? I gave ye
 Power, as ye was a Counsellor, to try him,
 Not as a Groom ; there's something of ye, I see,
 More out of Malice than Integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had he mean ;
 Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. Thus far.

My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace,
 To let my Tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
 Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather,
 If their be faith in Men, meant for his Trial,
 And fair Purgation to the World, than Malice :
 I'm sure in me.

King. Well, well, my Lords. respect him :
 Take him and use him well ? he's worthy of it.
 I will say this much for him, if a Prince
 May be beholding to a Subject, I
 Am, for his Love and Service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
 Be Friends for shame, my Lords. My Lord of *Canter-*
I have a Suit, which you must not deny me. [bury,
There's a fair young Maid that yet wants Baptism,
You must be Godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory
 In such an Honour : how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble Subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd spare your Spoons :
 You shall have two noble Partners with you : The old
 Dutchess of *Norfolk*, and the Lady Marquess of *Dorset* ;
 Will these please you ?

Once more, my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
 Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true Heart,
 And Brother's Love I do it.

Cran. And let Heav'n
 Witness, how dear I hold this Confirmation.

King. Good man, these joyful tears shew thy true
 The common Voice I see is verified (Heart ;
 Of thee, which says thus : Do my Lord of *Canterbury*
 A shrewd Turn, and he's your Friend for ever.

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Come, Lords, we trifle Time away : I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain :
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gain. [Ex.]

S C E N E III.

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your Noise anon, ye Rascals ; do
you take the Court for *Paris Garden* ? ye rude Slaves,
leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th'Larder.

Port. Belong to the Gallows, and be hang'd ye rogue:
Is this a Place to roar in ? Fetch me a dozen Crabtree
Staves, and strong ones, these are but Switches to 'em:
I'll scratch your heads, you must be seeing Christnings?
Do you look for Ale and Cakes here, you rude Rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible
Unless we swept them from the Door with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep,
On May-day Morning, which will never be :
We may as well push against *Pauls*, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

Man. Alas, I know not ; how gets the Tide in ?
As much as one sound Cudgel of four Foot ;
You see the poor remainder, could distribute,
I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor *Sir Guy*, nor *Colebrand*.
To mow 'em down before ; but if I spar'd any
That had a Head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, a Cuckold, or Cuckold-maker,
Let me never hope to see a Chine again ;
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presensly, good Mr. *Puppy*,
Keep the Door close, Sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should do, but knock them down
by the Dozens ; Is this *Maresfields* to muster in ?
Or have we some strange *Indian* with the great
Tool, come to Court, the Women so besiege us?
Bless me ! What a Fry of Fornication is at
the Door ? On my Christian Conscience, this one
Christ-

Christning will beget a thousand, here will be Father, Godfather, and all together.

Man. The Spoons will be the bigger, Sir ; there is a Fellow somewhat near the Door, he should be a Brasier by his Face, for o' my Conscience twenty of the Dog-days now reign in's Nose ; all that stand about him are under the Line, they need no other Penance ; that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the Head, and three times was his Nose discharged against me ; he stands there like a Mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a Haberdasher's Wife, of small Wit, near him, that rail'd upon me, 'till her pink'd Porringer fell off her Head, for kindling such a Combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cry'd out Clubs, when I might see from far, some forty Truncheons draw to her Succour, which were the hope o'th' Strand, where she was quarter'd ; they fell on. I made good my Place, at length they came to the Broom-staff to me, I defy'd 'em still, when suddenly a File of Boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a Shower of Pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Work ; the Devil was amongst 'em, I think surely.

Port. These are the Youths that thunder at a Play-house, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience, but the Tribulation of *Tower-hill*, or the Limbs of *Lime-house*, their dear Brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, there they are like to dance these three Days ; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles which is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me ; what a Multitude are here ? They grow still too ; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a Fair here ? where are these Porters ? These lazy Knaves ? Ye've made a fine hand, Fellows ? There's a trim Rabble let in ; are all these Your faithful Friends of the Suburbs ? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the Ladies, When they pass back from the Christning ?

Port. And't please your Honour.

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We are but Men, and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done :
An Army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' Heels, and suddenly ; and on your Heads
Clap round Fines, for neglect : Y'are lazy Knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should do Service. Hark, the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christning ;
Go break among the Press, and find a way out,
To let the Troops pass fairly ? or I'll find,
A *Marshalsea* shall hold ye play these two Months.

Port. Make way there, for the Princess.

Man. You, great Fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your Head ach.

Port. You, i'th' Camblet, get up o'th' Rail,
I'll peck you o'er the Pales else. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Trumpets sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord-Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshal's Staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing Bowls for the Christning Gifts ; then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutcheess of Norfolk, God-Mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train born by a Lady : Then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other God-mother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the Stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven,
From thy endless Goodness send prosperous Life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble Partners, and myself thus pray,
All Comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heav'n ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye .

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop.
What is her Name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King.

We

King. Stand up, Lord ;
With this Kiss, take my Blessing : God protect thee,
Into whose Hand I give thy Life.

Gran. Amen.

King. My noble Gossips, y' have been too prodigal,
I thank ye heartily : So shall this Lady,
When she has so much *English*.

Gran. Let me speak, Sir,
For Heav'n now bids me ; and the Words I utter,
Let none think Flattery ; for they'll find 'em Truth.
This Royal Infant, Heav'n still move about her,
Though in her Cradle, yet now promises
Upon this Land, a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to Ripeness : She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that Goodness)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : *Sheba* was never
More covetous of Wisdom, and fair Virtue,
Than this poor Soul shall be. 'All princely Graces
'That mould up such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Virtues that attend the Good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her :
Holy and heav'nly Thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her ;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corn. (her
And hang their Heads with sorrow : Good grows with
In her Days every Man shall eat in safety,
Under his own Vine what he plants ; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect Ways of Honour,
And by those claim their Greatness, not by Blood.
Nor shall this Peace sleep with her ; but as when
The Bird of Wonder dies, the Maiden Phoenix,
Her Ashes new create another Heir,
And great in Admiration has her self :
So shall she leave her Blessedness to one, (Darkness
(When Heav'n shall call her from this Cloud
Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour,
Shall Star like rise, as great in Fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Te
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That were the Servants to this chosen Infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him ;
 Where-ever the bright Sun of Heav'n shall shine,
 His Honour , and the Greatness of his Name,
 Shall be and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
 And like a Mountain Cedar, reach his Branches,
 To all the Plains about him : Our Childrens Chil-
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven. (dren

King. Thou speakest Wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the Happiness of *England*,
 An aged Princess ; many Days shall see.
 And yet no Day without a Deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more : But she must die,
 She must, the Saints must have her ; yet a Virgin,
 A most unspotted Lilly shall she pass
 To th' Ground, and all the World shall mourn her.

King. O Lord Archbishop,
 Thou has made me now a Man ; never before
 This happy Child, did I get any thing.
 This Oracle of Comfort has so pleased me,
 That when I am in Heav'n, I shall desire
 To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
 I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord-Mayor,
 And your good Brethren, I am much beholden :
 I have received much Honour by your Presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords,
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This Day, no Man think
 He's business at his House, for all shall stay,
 This little One shall make it Holy-day. {*Exeunt.*





EPILOGUE.

TIS ten to one this Play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease,
And sleep out an Act or two ; but those we fear
We've frighted with our Trumpets : so 'tis clear,
They'll say it's naught. Others, to hear the City
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty ;
Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,
All the expected Good we're like to hear,
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful Construction of good Women ;
For such a one we shew'd 'em : If they smile,
And say 'twill do ; I know within a while,
All the best Men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.



